ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER. had Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 62 to 63 Park Row, New York. RALPH PULITZER, President, 61 Park Row. J. ANGUS SHAW, Treasurer, 61 Park Row. JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 62 Park Row.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter, ription Rates to The Evening For England and the Continent and World for the United States All Countries in the International Canada.

VOLUME 56......NO. 19,861

KEEP IT BURNING.

N HIS message to the Legislature Gov. Whitman reminds us of the chief executive of an extravagantly run corporation who has been "hearing from" his stockholders.

From first to last he talks finance. From beginning to end he holds out hopes of reorganization and retrenchment.

His State budget scheme, his plan for centralizing the expenditures of State departments in the office of the State Comptroller, his proposals to abolish various State enterprises and activities, call for exhaustive examination and discussion.

One thing, however, is plain at the outset. The Governor realizes that his administration made its first year a financial fiasco. Overwhelming proof furnished by The Evening World and corroborated by State Comptroller Travis, that last year's \$20,000,000 direct State tax was a needless burden imposed upon the people of New York, effectively turned public attention to the consequences of legislative extravagance and of chronic confusion and waste in the handling of the State's business.

Economy and efficiency can become watchwords at Albany if the taxpayers of the State so determine.

A light has been flashed in the Governor's eyes. Turn it on and keep it burning in the Legislature.

\$10,000 REWARD.

TESTERDAY brought a report from Salonica that the British authorities had offered a reward of \$10,000 for information of the presence of German submarines in the Aegean Sea.

Such action would seem reasonable. It has been a growing source of wonder that nations at war bestir themselves so little to protect their own merchant ships. Whenever a liner is sunk by a submarine the beligerent nation under whose flag the liner sailed protests with rage and horror-and looks to the United States to do something about it.

The hazards of war are heavy. But has it been clearly established that the allied powers are doing everything in their power to safeguard passenger carrying vessels that fly their flags? Has it ever been quite proved that the Lusitania would not have had a better chance if her pathway had been better guarded? Since submarine murder began to hold high carnival in the Mediterranean has there been concerted effort on the part of the allies to hunt it down and stop it?

Attacks from the enemy must always be a risk. But risks can be reduced. In time of peace, nations take every precaution to insure the safety of persons who take passage on their ships. In time of war ought they not to make enough extra exertion to minimize the danger?

To protect Americans travelling in pursuit of their legitimate business on the merchant ships of a foreign nation we are willing to do our utmost. Should the foreign nation itself do less?

BANKS RIGHT SIDE UP.

HE financial storms of the year 1915 left their mark in many quarters. The banks of this State, however, came through with flying colors.

In his annual report on banks of deposit and discount State Su perintendent of Banks Eugene Lamb Richards calls attention to the ones in the way they should go. And fact that "during the time of strain and stress not a single institution, the children came so fast that there previously under the supervision of the department failed to respond was little or no time to consider herto all demands legally made upon it or was compelled to close its the way with thousands of good mothdoors, with the exception of a small 'one man bank' in Northern New ers York having deposits of only \$55,387.87." The failure of the bank ter of course; and went about his was "due to the manipulations of its principal officer, who was also business. leaving the care of it all

Be it noted the banks maintained this record through some of the thing he left behind him. He left wildest speculative revels the Stock Exchange has celebrated in years, burt and wound during the whole War stocks, so called, skyrocketed out of all range of sense or value, day. But before he went about his Prices aeroplaned until nobody remembered they ever rested on business he donned his best looking

Yet the banks were expected to sit tight through it all. And younger and to appear always with a smile, and an interested look that invited confidence and respect. No

But why, in addition to inevitable ebbs and flows of finance, should they have to stand the turbulence of these terrific gambling orgies made possible by a Stock Exchange that knows no real regulation?

Hits From Sharp Wits.

After charity has covered a multi tude of sins the sinner ought to let them stay covered.—Memphis Com-mercial Appeal.

Isn't it funny bow many women

there are who are never suspected of being in society until they get arrest-ed for something?—Indianapolis Star.

man is always particular about the impression he makes on strang-ers, but he doesn't care what his wife thinks of him.

Some people seem to think that a clear complexion is more to be desired than a clear conscience.

We can all say nice things about ourselves, if just given a chance. And we all believe them, even if nobody else does.—Macon News.

Inquirer.

This is the season of the year for forgiving all your enemies, except the little ones you can lick.—Columbia

The reason the fellow who knows it all is happy is because ignorance is terprise, bliss.—Tolede Blade,

Letters From the People

To the Editor of The Evening World : A motor back driver has to pay for two licenses, viz., a back license and a chauffeur's license. Therefore he should have some protection. All that has been said of chauffeurs has been against them. But few people realize that a man going in the hacking business often has to be a bandit or work in with the "clique," otherwise he is likely to got beaten up or they work all kinds of frame-ups on him, for instance, sticking needles in the tires

and have some guerilla there to ride it would just be a nice little familin the man's car for about two blocks meal, and I know you won't mind."

The wife knew he had the mask man gets a summons he is brought before the Mayor's Bureau of Licenses. There is hardly a living in the job. Is it worth all this crooked work? Is there no protection for the work? Is there no protection for the honest chauffeurs and backmen

Back Door Work!

By J. H. Cassel



Everyday Fables - By Sophie Irene Loeb -

Convergit, 1916, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

The Man With the Mask.

NCE upon a time there was a man. He was the father of several children. He had married when he was very young. His wife assumed the burden of rearing the family and was a very good mother. She tolied day and night to bring up the little day and night to bring up the little.

Coveright, 1916, by the Press Putilshing Co. (The New York Evening World)

Coveright, 1916, by the Press Putilshing Co. (The New York Evening World)

RS, JARR was fussing at the door of the closet in her bed-door of the closet in her bed-wise satisfied as subject to an do," she was saying as though to herself—"the best I can do," she was sa

behind him. But this is not the only warm overcoat and-a mask. This mask made him look ten years

family) WITHOUT this mask.

Therefore people labelled him a very genial gentleman, and he was rather successful wherever he went Many men are successful like that If these masks were but stripped from them for a moment, some hor-rible features would be disclosed underneath. On a few occasions the wife of this man had come down t his office and had seen her husband with the mask. She marveiled at it. He was such an attractive creature

A man lacks a sense of humor when as no one did. But the woman is humor lacks sense.—Philadelphia sighed and went home to reflect on aquirer.

what a difference that public mask made in her husband. had only grouches and for the out-side world all the GRINS. Now it came to pass that the man

left home one morning braced for a big business deal which was to come off that day; and he polished up his mask in trying to carry out the en-terprise. At dinner time it was not yet finished. He did not wish to let go till morning, and, knowing that good dinner turneth away objec-ons, he telephoned his wife in the presence of the prospective customer, na follows:

"Hello darling! May I bring Mr. Smith home to dinner." I told him it would just be a nice little family visitor. He greeted his wife and chil-dren most cordially; and of course they were surprised. But after the

The Jarr Family -By Roy L. McCardell-

Chirtwalst season here again? "What are you talking about?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "I'm not speaking ingly. He came to the conclusion that a man of neckties—I'm speaking of became to the conclusion that a man of neckties—I'm speaking of became to the conclusion that a man of neckties—I'm speaking of became to the conclusion that a man of neckties—I'm speaking of book knows, ties poon had struck a vital spot. It was the conclusion to the recent dread-fool the outside world as to his rest have been out of style for two years. I have been out of style for two years. nature might get away with it for a time; but time would finally tell and the mask would become threadbare presents for other people and nego that the real man would be seen lecting myself. I have to go downtown, and I haven't a decent walking All for some mausoleum stock to stick The deal was declared off and this shoe. Nobody is wearing anything good fellow had the interest of hu- except high boots, and I haven't any high boots, except my best ones that

realized that others might find I don't intend to wear this weather, out. He therefore studied his for I'm not like you—always putting him out. He therefore studied his for I'm not like you—always putting mask and began an effort to make himself truly act as it looked—at home as well as abroad.

Moral: If you would strip a man it was not customary to wear shoes

of his mask, learn how he treats his on one's back, but he was afraid he family.

So Wags the World

By Clarence L. Cullen.

Now that wireless telephony to those jungle story movies with a millwho, ignoring the five hours' difference in time, will be calling us up in the middle of the night, inviting us to take a swim with them in the

onal methods, devoid of all sham.

ne grew suspicious as to this man's cover to carry it through. For he and now seen him without the mask.

manity at heart enough to explain

the reason. The man with the

No doubt you have discovered for No doubt you have discovered for flat-hunting woman will fall for an yourself what grisly work it is to apartment the clothes closets of listen to an unimaginative friend which are about twice the size of the listen to an unimaginative friend with a limited vocabulary try to describe for your edification the Tower of Jewels at the San Francisco blow

What's become of the girl wh used to say: "Mamma doesn't mind we M my dancing square dances, but round Yawk!" dances mercy sakes, she'd assass nate me!"

If by any stretch of the imagination we could convince ourselves that we'd su air.

Nifty and Noble in a union suit as the that J fellows who wear them in the back pages of the magazines, there's a chance that we'd buy one of 'em for Rollie a tryout.

for the movie ticket and the \$2 for a aged, more or seat at the other kind of a show is about "Individual always going to be just \$1.85, no matter what kind of self-kidding arithmetic the managers of the talking theatres use in trying to prove the contrary.

Somebody will tell us some day why it is that all of the young men pictured in those ready-to-wear

Conveight, 1916, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World)

Honolulu is working, there are ion or so of Zulus with spears and a lot of good scouts down there shields and things in it and then we understood. The war has been going on now for

> Just Zhoff or Zhoffray. It's astonishing how promptly

yet whether his name is pronounced

It's hard to convince a woman that man sitting alongside of her when e's driving the motor car is bound o look and feel like a simp.

We Move to Expunge "Deah of Noo When she's got you trained so that

you'll put on a raincoat over your pajamas at a quarter past twelve at might and take the flat-mutt out for an airing you're all through with that Jekyli and Hyde stuff, old

Rollicking Stuff: To hear, as we did, a Barnard girl ('16) at one of those dead-wise Sunday afternoon "salons" chirp to a passel of middle-aged, more or less life-weary folks upset."

dinner had proceeded, something contrary.

It kinds of frame-ups on him, for intrace, sticking needles in the tires, is a child born in the city of New portant discussion as to the business. York of alien parents a citizen of the children had spilled the waiters, but last night we saw one of feet nine and three quarter inches.

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"Lake the man on the hearse, you are not 'in it," said Mrs. Jarr, mean-

wats he can indulge a secret craving their cravats untied. The Gents Furnishing Trust immediately put out a line of neckwear made to be worn might choose a neat combination in pink and green, but if a man wants to wear that kind, he may do so; there is nothing that can prevent him.

As to collars, they're quite up-to-the-minute boys broke out the "solltaire," after she has wounded us in our tenderest emotion she does not rub it in. "Yes," she went on, "I'm in a dreadbe closet. Oh, dear!"

noting his little whimsey was making wore. to hit he changed the subject. "What quired. "It drives me wild to find and you could have told them apart body is mean enough to steal he'll be The Cavallers, thirty-second degree smart enough to know how to open a sports that they were, had the edges

"There's no thieves in this house, thank you!" replied Mrs. Jarr sharply, wore them plain. But you know how children are. I About the rawest thing in the way through my things when I'm out. verything all tossed around!"

And Mrs. Jarr set to work to open the locked door with a shoe horn and

with a hairpin, against the might and magic of which naught can prevail.

opened the door. After much stoop- Alarm-Hearse-Rider!" snapped Mrs. ing and scratching in the dark re- Jarr, roused to revolt. "Now just for cesses of the closet she brought a low that I'll wear my best shoes, and you pair of shoes to light and regarded can pay for another pair. You go buy them with disdain.

with gaiters to hide the fact that they Here's the advertisement!"

Editorials by Women

MENTAL JELLY-FISHES.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

HE President of the Life Extension Institute has suggested the formation of a National Vitality Commission to pass upon the physical vitality of our men and women. It remains for somebody to create a commission which shall investigate the vitality of our ideas. And meanwhile I suggest a New Year's resolution for every woman: "I will probe my own brain and find out what I really do or don't believe. I will not any longer be a mental jelly-fish."

The thoughts in many a woman's mind are like sick yellow grass blades under a stone—the stone, in this instance, being the dead weight of centuries of convention and tradition. For so long almost nobody wanted a woman to think. Almost everybody frankly shared the viewpoint of the French King who told his Queen: "Madam, we have taken you to give us children and not to give us advice."

But grass needs sunlight no more than the mind of woman needs the clear light of reason, of logic, of independent judgment, of dispassionate analysis. It is the utter, absolute right and duty of every human being to take nothing for granted, to think out his or her own position on the big questions of sex, of work, of religion. Yet the very woman who would never accept a hand-me-down covering for her head doesn't trouble even to examine the hand-me-down opinions that

How little vitality inheres in these opinions is shown by the fact that in a crisis, particularly a crisis of affections, a woman is likely to act with an almost barbaric disregard of the very platitudes she has lisped for years. Nevertheless, even in this moment of daring she is handicapped by her mental unpreparedness, by the clear, straight thinking which she has NOT done in the past.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

Copyright, 1916, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening Wheld), SONG OF THE MODERN OMAR. IVE me the wine, the book, the loaf, the bough-And, every week or so, a DIFFERENT "Thou!"

The average masculine "explanation" is about as convincing as a lace boudoir cap over a last night's coiffure.

Nowadays, a typical debutante can make a grass widow feel like an ansophisticated little prude, and a sod widow feel like the last yard of silk at a remnant sale.

Ending for an up-to-date love-story: "And so they were married, and lived happily, until her mother came to visit them, and he met her pretty cousin from boarding-school."

A brilliant woman may make a fool of a man, but it takes a little pink-and-white "broiler" with a dimple and one brain-cell to make him make a fool of himself.

The bitterest revenge which a man can take on the girl who threw him down is to tell her how much he "USED to" love her, when she was young and slender.

Of course, men are not vain; but every mortal one of them secretly imagines that on the day he marries there will be a loud explosion of

fifty or sixty shattered malden hopes and hearts. According to a grafter, a "piker" is a person who has the audacity to

treat him to a cheap dinner or an inexpensive brand of wine, and to expect him to pay back the money he borrows.

Sometimes an overbearing wife succeeds in making her husband so deceitful that she fancies she has "reformed" him

How Men's Clothes Began

Copyright, 1916, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World), io. 12—Collars and Ties.

| headlined it. The ruff died a natural death, but later those foolish lace cra-No. 12-Collars and Ties.

monument guarding one of running. when, to paraphrase the poet—
"All for a bit of commission helleft us,
All for some mausoleum stock to stick
in his coat!"

"Let me help you open that door,"
said Mr. Jarr huskily. But the door
said Mr. Jarr huskily. But the door
wats he can indulge a secret craving

As to collars, they're quite up-toal hurry to get downtown, and every- date and haven't been in our busy thing I have that's fit to wear is in midst much more than fifty years. "False" collars was their old name, "Well," said Mr. Jarr "I saw a Jap- and they're descended, so they say, anese lady shopping in a kimono," but from the "plain bands" the Puritans

They-the Puritans-by the way, to you lock the doors for?" he in- didn't love a bone in a Cavalier's head hings locked up in my house. If any- if only their collars had been visible. of theirs trimmed with all the lace they could get, while the Puritans

have to lock up everything from them, of a collar ever put over was the ruff week he made his own styles, but with and even Gertrude goes snooping that broke loose in Queen Elizabeth's Sunday came an abrupt change and time. Sorrowful to relate, men wore And you're not to be trusted either; 'em. too. When the craze was at its but the matter of a tie was difficult height they were stretched over wire for hands used to rough and honest head looked as if it was being served up on a dish. Of course, this brought button hook.

Mr. Jarr knew her effort would be utile, unless perhaps she essayed with a hairpin, against the might and "Devilish liquor" was the way they

"Here's the key on the floor," said were ties," she said with a sigh, "Be

No sadder case of the death of a flourishing industry blackens the pages of history than the one-time merry business in made-up ties. Dress-ing for men in some of our remote sections used to be somewhat of a catch-as-catch-can affair. During th each sturdy, red neck had to be shaved and crowded into a tall collar frames and starched so stiff that one's toil. Hence those shaped and padded Ascots in purple satin, sprinkled with golden horseshoes, or those sky blue and red butterfly bows attached to a bit of cardboard to be thrust under a

a shoestring of black ribbon, tled to the wig at the back. The Macaronic the wig at the back. The Macaronis tried to muss up things fifty years

further on with a big white affair tied in a bow a foot wide, but couldn't get it over. The collar with

next. A cravat almost as big as a horse blanket went with it. It took two pins to hold it in place. Then above the surface appeared those lovely old stocks, which some of our

present day long-haired ones are try

But prosperity came. Some were able to dodge work, and the dude appeared.
Pretty soon he could be heard to say:
"He means well, poor fellow, but dan't
you know he wears a made-up tie?"
This was the end.

Mr. Jarr as his foot struck the corner of the rug, turning it over and disclosing the key.

"It's just where I put it," said Mrs.

Jarr. "But I forgot it, you get me so upset."

"Oh, don't be so smart, Mr. Fire"Oh was the end.

Travelling was a simpler matter in those days than now. Extra neat dressers carried two collars along, but only one was really needed. After washing your face in the morning, you'd wipe off your collar with a damp rag and be fresh and smilling to meet the newborn day. That was

to meet the newborn day. That was in the celluloid period.

But this was too good to last. Again the whispered word got about that fellows in "our set" didn't wear that sort of collar. And almost in the twinkling of an eye collar factoria.

hem with disdain. them yourself, and the kind I want is king of en eye collar factories.
"I never could wear those, even nine dollars a pair, size 3B last, steam laundries broke out like a all over these United States.